

The Historie of

Thou hast redeemd thy lost opinion,
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer said, I hearkned to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let a'one
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gamsey*.

Exit.

Enter *Hotspur*.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

Prince. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prince. Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:

Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.

Hot. Now shall it *Harry*? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter *Falstaffe*.

Fals. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes
play heere, I can tell you.

Enter *Dowglas*, he fights with *Falstaffe*, he falls downe as
if he were dead, the Prince killeth *Percy*.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:

But

Henry the

But thought's the slaue of life, a
And Time that takes suruey of
Must haue a stop. O, I could pr
But that the Earth, and cold ha
Lies on my tonge: no *Percy*, tho
And good for

Prince. For Worms, braue
Ill weau'd Ambition, how muc
When that this body did conta
A Kingdome for it, was too sm
But now two paces of the vilest
Is roome enough: this earth th
Beares not alieue so stout a Gen
If thou wert sensible of curtesie
I should not make so great a sh
But let my fauours hide thy ma
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile th
For doing these faire rites of te
Adieu, and take thy praise with
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee
But not remembred in thy Epi

He spieth *Falstaffe*.

What, old acquaintance, cou
Keepe in a little life? poore *Ia*
I could haue better spar'd a be
O, I should haue a heauy mis
If I were much in loue with va
Death hath not strooke so fair
Though many dearer in this l
Imboweld will I see thee by an
Till then, in blood by noble

Falstaffe

Fals. Imboweld? if thou
leau to powder me, and eat
time to counterfeit, or that
scot and let too. Counterfe
be a counterfeit, for hee is b
hath not the life of a man: bu